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one

ON MOST DAYS, THIS ISN'T A PARTICULARLY SPECTACULAR SCENE.
YOU'VE GOT YOUR ARMORED CAR.
YOU'VE GOT YOUR LESS-ARMORED-BUT-MORE-AGGRESSIVE CAR TRYING TO RUN THE BIG BOY OFF THE ROAD.
YOU'VE GOT YOUR HERO GIVING CHASE TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT.
THWIP
MOST DAYS, THIS STORY WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE THE NIGHTLY NEWS.
BUT I'M SORRY...
TRULY SORRY TO SAY...
THWIP

THIS ISN'T MOST DAYS.
MAAAWWW!

THIS IS WHERE I'D USUALLY BACK UP, RIGHT? NOT THIS TIME. THIS TIME I'M JUST GOING EAST LIKE TEN BLOCKS, TO A MEDICAL SUPPLY EXPO.
NY CONVENTION EXPO
MEDICAL SUPPLY EXPO
MY FELLOW AVENGER (NEVER GET USED TO THAT) TONY STARK INVITED ME TO ATTEND, BUT I HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.
I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL ASKING WHAT MICHAEL HALL, A PERSONAL COMPUTER MANUFACTURER, IS DOING ON STAGE.
IT'S BECAUSE THE PROSTHETIC I'M STANDING NEXT TO IS STATE OF THE ART...AND FRANKLY, THAT JUST MAKES ME SAD.
THE FACT IS THIS PROSTHETIC IS STILL CONTROLLED BY SILICON CIRCUITS THAT ONLY KNOW IF THEY'RE TURNED "ON" OR "OFF." IT'S ALL BINARY. ONES AND ZEROES.
IMPULSES FROM THE BRAIN TRANSFERRED TO CIRCUITS THAT TELL THE HAND TO OPEN OR CLOSE. FINE IF I WANT TO GRAB A GLASS OF WATER, BUT WHAT IF I WANT TO PLAY A CONCERTO?
ALL THE COMPLEX CHEMICAL SIGNALS FROM MY BRAIN ARE LOST. I CAN BARELY MANAGE A WAVE TO OUR GOOD FRIEND TONY STARK OUT THERE.
TONY, YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED A LOT OF THESE PROBLEMS. CARE TO SHARE SOME OF THAT STARK TECH WITH US?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
AND THAT'S WHY WE DEVELOPED THIS.

A CHIP MADE WITH PROPRIETARY CARBON-BASED CIRCUITS THAT DON'T TRANSMIT ONES AND ZEROES...
THEY TRANSMIT THOUGHTS.
COLD, DIGITAL INFORMATION IS REPLACED WITH WARM, HUMAN INTENTION.
THE ORGANICS IN THE CHIP PROCESS WHATEVER I'M THINKING INTO EMOTIONAL IMPULSES.
IDENTICAL CIRCUITS IN THE PROSTHETIC TRANSLATE THE SIGNALS...IN ESSENCE, READING MY MIND.
HERE, LET'S TRY WAVING TO TONY AGAIN...
OOPS, MAYBE IT READ MY MIND A LITTLE TOO WELL...
HAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA
FUNNY...

PEPPER? TONY. I NEED YOU TO PULL PUBLIC REPORTS AND PATENT FILINGS FOR ANY COMPANY OWNED BY MICHAEL HALL--
HIS CAR NICER THAN YOURS?
NO, HE'S PLAYING OUT OF HIS LEAGUE AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW...
...AND HE GOT SOME LAUGHS AT MY EXPENSE, WHICH I DIDN'T LOVE.
EEEEEEEEEEE!
MAAAARAAW!
SCRRRRREEEECH
IS THAT "OH MY GOD, THAT'S TONY STARK" SCREAMING OR "OH MY GOD, THAT'S A SUPER VILLAIN" SCREAMING?
SUPER VILLAIN.
POOR TONY. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED HELP.

NOT GONNA SWING THROUGH THE SKY NOT ME...
GONNA EAT MY FROOT LOOT AND WATCH TEE VEE...
OKAY, SO THE "MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO" WAS A BOWL OF CEREAL AND LIKE FOUR HOURS OF MODERN MARVELS.
IN MY DEFENSE, I DON'T GET MUCH DOWN TIME BETWEEN MY SOLO WORK AND BEING A MEMBER OF THE--
AVENGERS SECURE LINK REQUESTED.
HELLO?
VOICE PRINT VERIFIED. LINK SECURED.
HOW MANY ARMS DO YOU HAVE AT THE MOMENT?
EXCUSE ME?
I'M LOOKING FOR A NUMBER BETWEEN TWO AND SIX...

TWO.
GOOD. AT LEAST THIS THING ISN'T YOU.
"THIS THING"?
MEET ME ON THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY AT SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.
NOW?
NOW.
+SIGH+
COME ON, PARKER. YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
YOU CAN DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE...

West Side Highway,
APPROACHING SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.
SCREEEE
SEDAN'S STILL ON OUR SIX! AGAIN, WE HAVE NOT LOST HOSTILE SEDAN!
IDIOTS! WE'RE NOT CARRYING ANY MONEY!
WHERE'S OUR BACK-UP?!
TWO UNITS ARE ON THEIR WAY--
WHA--
SPIDER-MAN. THANK GOD.
MAARRRR!
AAAAAAAAH!
HAILMARY FULLOF--

SCREEEEEEE
SMASH
TARGET AQUIRED. BODY LANGUAGE: PRIMITO-AGGRESSIVE. BIOSCAN: INCONCLUSIVE. POSSIBLY INORGANIC. POSSIBLY EXTRATERRESTRIAL. POSSIBLY EXTRADIMENSIONAL.
THAT NARROWS IT DOWN, THANKS.
67.348
MAAARUUM!
43.256
ATTEMPTING TRANSLATION.
TRANSLATION FAILED. LANGUAGE: AMBIGUATED ENGLISH? INCONCLUSIVE. ATTEMPT COMMUNICATION?
62.233
125.67 456.776 162.778
M.23

PUT YOUR HANDS UP. ALL OF THEM.
WARNING. DYNAMIC M.R.I. HAS DETECTED INORGANIC SPINNERETS IN UPPER FOREARMS.
SILK GLANDS HAVE BEEN STIMULATED.
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
MARRRRUAR!
WHA--
SNKT
SNKT
SNKT
SNKT
SNKT
SNKT
ARGGH--FIRE FULL POWER AT LAST MARK!

ZZZARK
NYHI
INORGANIC WEBBING SHARPNESS MEASURED AT 0.03 MICRONS. THIS EXCEEDS ARMOR TOLERANCE BY--
GOT IT. THANKS.
SAW THAT FROM 3RD STREET.
YOU SPILL SOMETHING ON YOUR COSTUME?
I TOOK A GAMBLE AND IT DIDN'T WORK OUT...I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT--
WAS THAT REPULSOR BLAST A SIGNAL FLARE OR DID SOMEONE JUST GET THEIR FACE REARRANGED?
CHOICE B. SIX-LEGGED VERSION OF YOU. UGLY FACE. BUG-EYES.
OH, NO. TEETH?
YEAH, PRETTY BAD.

THIS ISN'T GOOD.

YOU KNOW HIM?

HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE *MASSACRE*.

"HE WAS PART OF A CREW OF SUPER VILLAINS THAT ***CARNAGE*** LED THROUGH NEW YORK CITY, SLAUGHTERING AS MANY CIVILIANS AS THEY COULD."

THE WORST PART IS THE MADNESS *SPREAD*. EVERYDAY PEOPLE STARTED RIOTING... MURDERING.

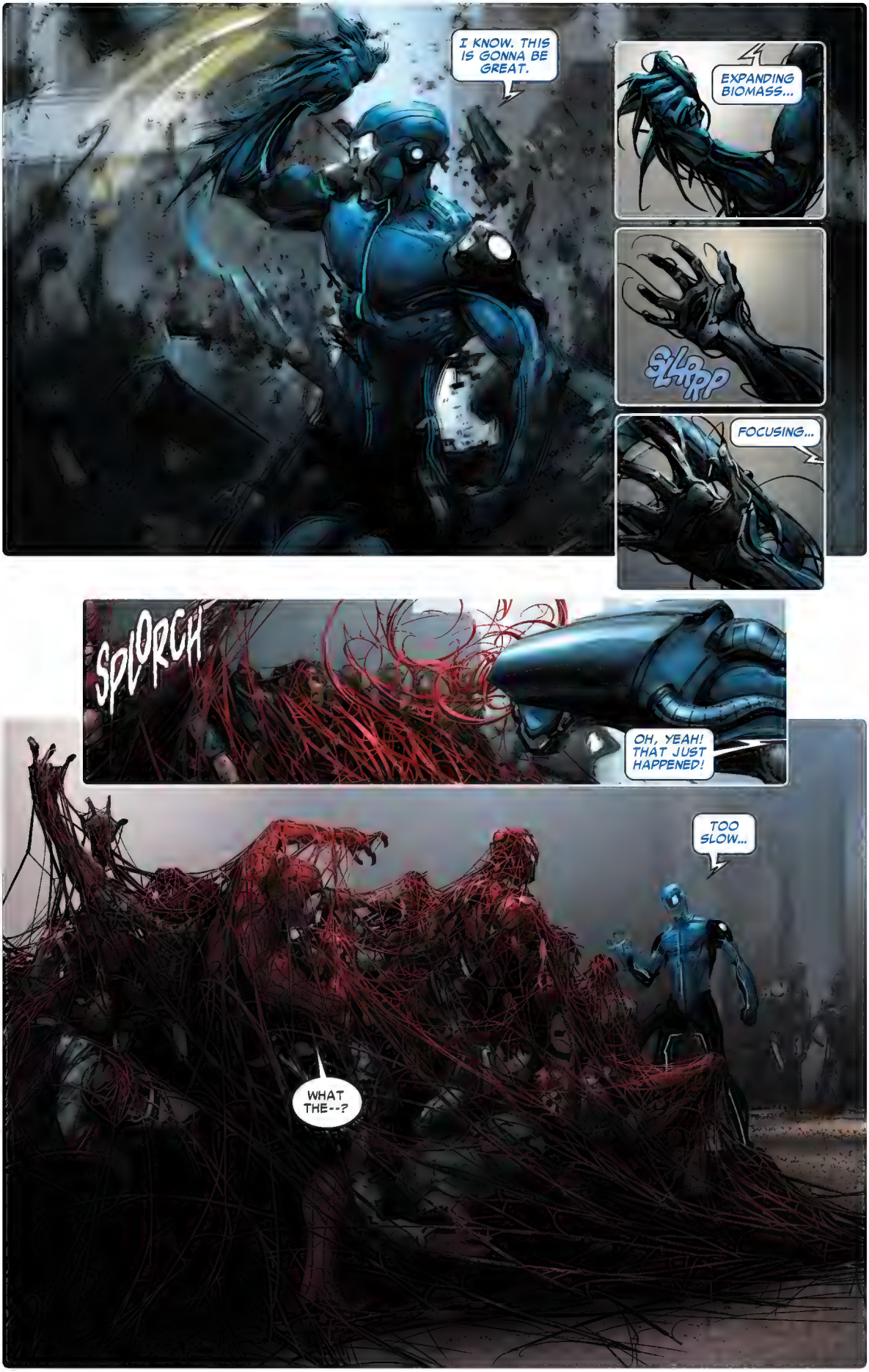
IT WAS *MAYHEM*.

HOPEFULLY WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, THOUGH. IT WASN'T THE DOPPELGANGER'S POWERS THAT AFFECTED THE MOB, IT WAS--
RIP THEM APART!!
BATHE IN BLOOD!
THERE'S AN ANGRY MOB BEHIND ME, ISN'T THERE?
DIE!!!
AFFIRMATIVE.

GUH... STOP...
STOP THE TRUCK...
THE DRIVER OF THE SEDAN IS OUT OF THE VEHICLE...
WHO CARES?! WE'VE GOT A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB SURROUNDING US!
THEY'RE BLOCKING US ILLEGALLY! JUST DRIVE!
THERE'RE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT THERE, MAN!
MARVAR!
...YOU HAVE TO MAKE THEM STOP...
P-PLEASE... YOU HAVE TO STOP THAT TRUCK...
MARVAR!

THE CROWD'S NOT THINKING STRAIGHT, TONY... PUSH THEM BACK BUT BE GENTLE.
GOT IT. RECALIBRATING REPULSORS FOR MINIMAL TRAUMA.
OH YEAH, YEAH... I'M RECALIBRATING MY WEB-SHOOTERS FOR, UH...MINIMAL...
HALT!
THWAP
THWAP

YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH THE TRANSPORTATION OF TRADE SECRETS.
DISPERSE OR BE CONTAINED.
IS THAT YOUR TECH?
NO...
YOU HEARD ME TELL THEM TO DISPERSE, RIGHT, ROYAL BLUE?
I DID, FIREBRICK.
THEY'RE NOT DISPERSING.


I KNOW. THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT.
EXPANDING BIOMASS...
SLUPP
FOCUSING...
SPLORCH
OH, YEAH! THAT JUST HAPPENED!
TOO SLOW...
WHAT THE--?

SCREEEE
MOTTHTAR!
...MOTTAR... MOTHTAR...
OH, GOD...
NON-HUMAN ORGANISM DETECTED. LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED.
STO--
AGGH!
ZZZZARK
NO!
DAMMIT.

Y-YOU SAW HER...I-I WAS AUTHORIZED...
SHUT UP, YOU DAMN IDIOT!
AMBULANCE LOCATED. FIVE HUNDRED METERS SOUTHEAST.
SLAM-HACK AND REROUTE.
WH-WHAT ARE WE DOING...?
MIND CONTROL. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
TH-THE TRUCK...I WOULD HAVE KILLED TO GET TO THAT TRUCK.
MOOTHAR
MMMOTHER
SQUAK
WHAT THE HELL WAS IN THAT TRUCK?

FRANCES LOUISE BARRISON. ALIAS: SANDRA DEEL.
ALIAS: SHRIEK.
THE EGGHEADS SAID YOU'D BE TOO WHACKED OUT TO USE YOUR POWERS... MAKE EVERYONE GO CRAZY.
GOOD THING WE'VE ALL HAD OUR SHOTS.
SHE GONNA BEHAVE?
DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. SHE CAN PUT OUT HER NASTY VIBES AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS...
THAT'S WHAT WE GOT HER FOR. GUESS THE BIOLOGICAL PAYLOAD NEEDS MORE THAN FOOD TO SURVIVE. IT'S GOT A TASTE FOR FEAR AND LOATHING.
SHE SHOULD MAKE IT FEEL RIGHT AT HOME...
YEAH, WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? AREN'T YOU AND THIS THING OLD FRIENDS?

WHY SO SCARED?

two

Eight Months Ago.
WHAT'S THE HOLDUP, DAVIDSON?
UH, DID ANYONE CHECK THE COURSE CORRECTION AGAINST THE S.B.S.S.* REPORT?
*SPACE-BASED SPACE SURVEILLANCE--ED.
THIS TRAJECTORY WILL TAKE OUR SATELLITE RIGHT INTO A FAIRLY LARGE PIECE OF SPACE JUNK.
JUST MAKE THE CORRECTION.
I-I CAN'T. IF IT'S DAMAGED, A QUARTER OF OUR MARKETS ARE GOING TO MISS THE SUPER BOWL. WE DON'T HAVE AUTHORIZATION...
I'M GIVING YOU AUTHORIZATION.
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE GUY WITH HIS NAME ON THE SATELLITE.

NO!
NONO NONO!
HE'S COMING BACK! HE'S COMING BACK!
NO!
KEEP IT DOWN, SHRIEK!
TASER OR THE THORIZOL?
PFSH
ZZZARK
BOTH.
STOP IT!
DID I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO ESCALATE HER THERAPY!?
NEW MANAGEMENT'S CHANGED PROTOCOL, DOCTOR NIEVES... FOR SHRIEK IN PARTICULAR.
SHE HAS A NAME, ORDERLY JENSON--AND I DON'T CARE WHO OWNS RAVENCROFT, THIS WING IS UNDER MY AUTHORITY.
SORRY, DOC, LIKE HE SAID... MANAGEMENT.
WHAT CAN YOU DO, RIGHT?
"YOU KNOW WHAT I DID."

Now.
I RAN AN ARMORED CAR OFF THE ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK CITY BECAUSE THEY TRIED TO REASSIGN ONE OF MY PATIENTS.
I'M GUESSING THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.
I'M SURPRISED IT TOOK YOU THREE WEEKS TO FIND ME.
YOU WERE TRANSFERRED TO A PRIVATE HOSPITAL ALMOST INSTANTLY. WHOEVER YOUR FRIENDS ARE, THEY'RE TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOU.
I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THAT.
DOCTOR NIEVES... WHATEVER WAS IN THAT TRUCK CAUSED HALF OF NEW YORK CITY TO GO STARK RAVING MAD AND BROUGHT MY SIX-ARMED DOPPELGANGER OUT OF HIDING.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU BECAUSE THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO COULD DO THAT IS A WOMAN NAMED SHRIEK. IF SHE WAS YOUR PATIENT--
HER NAME IS FRANCES BARRISON. AND IF YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S CAPABLE OF, THEN YOU KNOW I CAN'T BE CHARGED FOR WHAT I DID.
I...I KNOW THAT. LOOK, THAT'S NOT THE ONLY REASON I'M HERE. I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW BAD I FEEL ABOUT YOUR INJURY.
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
YOU LOST YOUR ARM WHILE I WAS FIGHTING ONE OF MY ENEMIES. I'M TAKING RESPONSIBILITY...
...IT'S KIND OF WHAT I DO...
AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'VE TALKED TO TONY STARK--IRON MAN--AND HE'S OFFERED TO DESIGN YOU A PROSTHETIC...FREE OF CHARGE, OF COURSE.
HE'S...
HE'S TOO LATE.

THEY BEAT YOU TO IT.
WHO ARE "THEY"?!
...AND HOW DO I GET ON THE "THEY" HEALTH PLAN?
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WORKED FOR THEM. THEY BOUGHT RAVENCROFT WHILE I WAS EMPLOYED THERE AND TRANSFERRED MY CONTRACT.
THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK...TO PUT THIS THING ON.
AND I TAKE IT "THEY" DIDN'T ASK YOU BEFORE THEY TRANSFERRED A PATIENT WHO PROJECTS VIOLENCE--A WALKING RIOT, BASICALLY--THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY?
THEY WAITED UNTIL I TOOK A DAY OFF. I GOT A CALL FROM AN ORDERLY. I TRIED TO STOP THEM...
FRANCES IS A DAMAGED WOMAN. I WAS JUST MAKING PROGRESS WITH HER AFTER YEARS OF TREATMENT.
I...I COULDN'T LET THEM JUST USE HER FOR WHATEVER--

I'M RESPONSIBLE, YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP HER.
THAT'S THE REASON, OKAY? IT'S NOT THE MONEY OR THIS NEW ARM...
WAIT, REASON FOR WHAT?
THE REASON I WON'T TELL YOU WHO "THEY" ARE.
CEASE AND DESIST!
DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES IS UNDER A FEDERALLY BINDING CONTRACT THAT FORBIDS HER FROM TALKING TO SUPER-VIGILANTES OF ANY BREED, GENDER OR POWER SET.
THIS IS WHERE YOU FIND A WINDOW AND SWING YOUR ASS OUT OF IT.
DOCTOR...
IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL LET ME SEE HER. I'M SORRY...
I'M CALLING THE POLICE...
DON'T BOTHER...
RRRING RRRING

AVENGERS VOICE LINK, SECURED.

SPIDER-MAN, IT'S TONY...

I RAN THE NAMES OF THE TWO TECH-ADVANCED BODYGUARDS WE RAN INTO THROUGH THE AVENGERS DATABASE... THERE WAS NOTHING ON "FIREBRICK" AND "ROYAL BLUE."

WHOEVER OWNED THE ARMORED TRUCK YOUR DOPPELGANGER ATTACKED DEVELOPED AN ARMORED SECURITY DETAIL FROM SCRATCH...

AND HAD THE MEANS TO EXTRICATE THEM FROM ANY LEGAL ENTANGLEMENTS AFTER THEY MAIMED A BYSTANDER. ALL I HAD TO PROVE THEY EVEN EXISTED WAS A FEW STRANDS OF THE ORGANIC SUBSTANCE ROYAL BLUE USED AS NETTING.

MOST OF IT WAS "*DEAD*," BUT I WAS ABLE TO CENTRIFUGE AND PROPAGATE A SMALL MASS OF LIVING CELLS.

ANY GUESS WHAT IT REMINDS ME OF?

OH, DON'T... PLEASE DON'T SAY IT.

SHRIEK WAS BEING TRANSPORTED IN THE ARMORED VEHICLE, WHICH ALREADY BROUGHT DOPPELGANGER OUT OF THE WOODWORK.

IF YOU EVEN SUGGEST WE'RE DEALING WITH AN IMBIOTE-SAY, I'M SPINNING MYSELF A WEB-NOOSE.

HRRRSSS

WHA--?

THAT'S FUNNY...

I'M SERIOUS. IT'LL DISSOLVE IN AN HOUR SO NO ONE HAS TO KNOW I TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP MY SECRET.

QUIET FOR A SECOND.

OKAY, SAY SOMETHING.

IT'S DOING SOMETHING WEIRD...

...ISN'T IT?

WELL, I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT THIS STUFF *REALLY* HATES THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE.

WE'VE ATTACHED A FEW MORE N.D.A.S TO YOUR CONTRACT, DR. NIEVES...
BUT I THINK YOU'LL FIND MR. HALL'S OFFER GIVES YOU THE ACCESS TO YOUR PATIENT YOU DEMAND.
I CAN BE HONEST, I SUGGESTED YOU BE OFFERED HALF THE SALARY YOU GOT, BUT MR. HALL CAN BE GENEROUS TO A FAULT. YOU'LL LEARN THAT ABOUT--
DR. NIEVES?
ARE YOU OKAY?
SORRY, I'M FEELING A LITTLE STRANGE...
PROBABLY JUST THE PROSTHETIC.
THE BIOFEEDBACK CAN CAUSE HALLUCINATIONS. I'VE HEARD THEY TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO...
I'M SURE I'LL BE FINE.

WE SHOULD JUST INCINERATE IT NOW, TONY.
WE CAN'T DESTROY THE SPECIMEN UNTIL WE KNOW WHO CULTIVATED IT.
BUT THEN I GET TO INCINERATE IT, RIGHT?
I'M LETTING YOU HOLD THE BUTTON, AREN'T I?
BUT YOU WON'T LET ME PUSH IT...I WISH DR. NIEVES HAD BEEN MORE FORTHCOMING... THEN I'D GET TO PUSH IT.
I FORGOT TO ASK...HOW'S SHE DOING WITH HER INJURY?
SHE SEEMED FINE. WHOEVER OWNED THAT ARMORED CAR OUTFITTED HER WITH A PROSTHETIC.
WAIT, WHAT?
WHAT KIND OF PROSTHETIC?
I DON'T KNOW. I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. STATE OF THE ART.
DAMMIT, I KNOW WHO IT IS.
WAIT-- YOU'RE SURE?!
TRUST ME.
HA!
GUESS YOU WON'T MIND IF I GIVE THIS A LITTLE PUSH, THEN...
TEH
FWOOOOSH

Hall Industries R&D.

I NEED TO SEE HER NOW.

I'M AFRAID THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, DR. NIEVES. HER SHIFT JUST STARTED.

I'M HER *DOCTOR* AND MY PATIENT IS TERRIFIED.

OH, SORRY... IT'S JUST...THAT THING ABOVE HER. WHAT IS IT?

OUR IN-HOUSE SHRINKS SIGNED OFF ON THE WHOLE THING. SAID IT WAS GOOD FOR HER. *CATHARTIC--*

PLEASE DON'T TOUCH THE GLASS, DOC.

THAT'S OUR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL TEXTILE INVENTORY. APPARENTLY IT WAS RAISED ON A STEADY DIET OF HATRED AND AGGRESSION.

IT GOBBLES UP WHATEVER NEGATIVE EMOTION YOUR PATIENT PROJECTS AND CONVERTS IT INTO BIOMASS, WHICH WE SIPHON OFF TO MAKE OUR YIELD QUOTA.

INTERFERE WITH THAT AND SHE'LL JUST HAVE TO DOUBLE UP TOMORROW--

MA'AM, LIKE DOUG SAID, PLEASE TAKE YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THE GLASS.

THAT'S STRANGE. I THOUGHT I HAD...

YOUR PATIENT'S FINE, DOC. AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, SHE MAKES MORE THAN WE DO.

NOW, COME ON...I DON'T WANT TO BE A STICKLER BUT WE NEED YOU AWAY FROM THE GLASS.

I...I CAN'T...

NNH-- DOCTOR...

I...NGH... CAN'T!

5.6 Miles Away and Closing.

MICHAEL HALL DEMOED A PROSTHETIC LIMB AT THE NEW YORK MEDICAL EXPO THAT WAS A HUNDRED TIMES MORE ADVANCED THAN ANYTHING HE'D DONE BEFORE...AND WITH NOT ONE NEW PATENT FILED UNDER HIS COMPANY'S NAME. YOU KNOW THE ONLY TWO REASONS A BUSINESSMAN WOULDN'T PATENT AN INVENTION?
WHAT?! ARE YOU TALKING? SLOW DOWN! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
IF THE BUSINESSMAN HAD A MONOPOLY ON THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION...
...OR IF HE HADN'T FIGURED OUT EXACTLY WHAT HE HAD.
HOPE YOU'VE GOT A VOICE RECORDER IN THAT THING BECAUSE I MISSED ALL OF THAT.
I WAS SAYING OUR GUY IS MICHAEL HALL.
THE SOFTWARE/ HARDWARE/CABLE T.V. GUY?
EXACTLY. REMEMBER THE CODE NAMES HIS ARMORED GOONS USED? "FIREBRICK" AND "ROYAL BLUE"? THOSE AREN'T CODE NAMES, THEY'RE SOMETHING A MARKETING TEAM WOULD PICK OUT.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH TWO OF THESE GUYS...

"WE'RE DEALING WITH A PRODUCT LINE."
BIOMASS INFUSION COMPLETE. CHECK NERVE-CIRCUIT SYNC...
WIGGLE YOUR FINGERS AND TOES AND CALL OUT YOUR STATUS.
PARIS GREEN IS GO.
FIREBRICK IS GO.
ROYAL BLUE IS GO.
BURNT ORANGE IS GO.
GUN METAL IS GO.
DETACH AND STAND TALL, GENTLEMEN. WE'VE GOT TWO BOGEYS ON OUR PERIMETER AND WE'RE APPROVED FOR PUBLIC ROLLOUT.
WE KNOW THESE TWO. THEY ARE NOT FRIENDS OF THE COMPANY.
THEY ARE CURIOUS AND WE HAVE PERMISSION TO PROTECT MR. HALL'S INVESTMENT.
LET'S HAVE A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCT LAUNCH, PEOPLE.

I CAN'T MOVE MY ARM!
JOHN, HELP ME OUT HERE, I--
ACK--
LET HIM GO!
I'M NOT DOING IT! I--
GRGGLL!
OH MY GOD!
STOP!
ZZZT
IT'S NOT ME--
HRK!
ZZZZZZ

HELP! SOMEBODY--
--ACK!
WH-WHAT AM I--?
NO...
DON'T...
PLEASE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I COULD HAVE *JUMPED* OVER THE FENCE.

YEAH, WELL--

HALT!

YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY BELONGING TO HALLTECH AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES.

YOU HAVE NO JURISDICTION AND ARE REQUIRED BY LAW TO VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY.

DOES THIS COUNT?

THWIP

I USED TO HAVE TECH LIKE THAT...

THEN MY DAD GOT A JOB.

FHRRRP

WHA--?! I...?!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, TONY?

ENFORCING SAFE DISTANCE WITH SOLID LIGHT CONCUSSOR.

FSSH

STAND BACK, SON. THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU IN THAT SUIT YOU HURT A CIVILIAN. THESE THINGS AREN'T TOYS.

THAT HOT DOCTOR WHO LOST HER ARM? DIDN'T YOU HEAR, OLD MAN...?

THEY'RE RIGHT, AREN'T THEY?

SHHH!

YOU ARE USING ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ON UNITED STATES SOIL. I HAVE FEDERAL AUTHORIZATION TO EXAMINE THE PREMISES.

WHAT?! HOW'D YOU GET THAT?!

SHHH!

THESE ARE PROTOTYPE EXOSKELETONS USING LAWFULLY ACQUIRED SPACE SALVAGE. THE UNITS ARE PROTECTED UNDER THE UNIFORM TRADE SECRETS ACT, AND AS A RESULT ANY DISPLAY OF POWER RESULTING FROM AN ESCALATION OF HOSTILITY WILL BE STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

THAT MEANS YOU WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS HOW BADLY WE KICK YOUR ASS...

IN THE EVENT OF AN ESCALATION, OF COURSE.

"WE GAVE HER A BETTER ONE..."
BOOM
BOOM
SKRTCHTT
OH, GOD...
BOOM
KRSSHH

KRSH
HNNK!

GET IN THE GAME, BURNT ORANGE!
I NEED TO CALL ROCKET RACER AND APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING FUN OF HIS NAME...
DEFENSIVE BIO-NETWORKING IS LIVE.
I'M INITIATING COOPERATIVE OFFENSE.
COMPILING RESPONSE.
THAT GOT HIM.
GOTTA TRUST THE SUITS, MY MAN.
HOLD. WE'VE GOT A SITUATION IN THE PRODUCTION WING.
DUST OFF. NOW.
WHERE ARE THEY GOING?
I DON'T KNOW...

SSSSRRRAARRR!
"...SOMETHING GOT THEIR ATTENTION."

three

MY NAME IS TANIS.
I AM SIX YEARS OLD AND I FIND A DOG WITH THREE LEGS AND ONE EYE. MY PARENTS TAKE HIM TO THE POUND. THEY LET ME COME.
A GRAY-HAIRED MAN SAYS HE'S GOING TO MAKE THE DOG SLEEP FOREVER. I CRY, AND I SCREAM, AND WHEN I BITE THE MAN'S HAND, THEY LET ME TAKE THE DOG HOME.
HE NEEDS ME. I LOVE HIM.
MORE THAN ME. MOMMY LOVES IT MORE THAN ME.
ITS TONGUE TICKLES MY ARM AS I CUT ITS THROAT. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M LAUGHING.
MY NAME IS CLE--
N-NO...I AM DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES.
I AM TWENTY-SIX AND I'M GOING TO BE A PSYCHIATRIST. I'M GOING TO HELP ALL THE DAMAGED CREATURES OF THE WORLD.
I'M GOING TO LOVE THE UNLOVABLE.
GRADUATION. THEY SAY IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO LEAVE THE ESTES SCHOOL FOR BOYS. I SHOW THEM ANOTHER...
THE HEADMASTER BURNS FIRST. HE'S NOT THE LAST.
MY NAME IS--
NO.

NO. I AM TANIS NIEVES, HEAD DOCTOR AT THE RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE. I'VE FOUND ANOTHER MAIMED ANIMAL. HER NAME IS FRANCES.
SHE CALLS HERSELF SHRIEK.
THEY SAY SHE'S A MURDERER, AND A SUPER VILLAIN, AND THEY CALL HER "SHRIEK," BUT I READ HER HISTORY AND I CRY AND I HAVE TO GO HOME SICK.
THEY WANT HER ON THORAZINE BECAUSE SHE'S SEEING A SIX-ARMED SPIDER-MAN IN HER WINDOW. I TELL THEM TO GO TO HELL. I DON'T PUT MY PATIENTS TO SLEEP.
SHE SCREAMS HER PAIN AS DEATH AND HATRED.
SHE KILLS FOR ME. I LIKE IT. WHEN IT GETS BORING, I'LL PUT HER DOWN LIKE MY MOTHER'S DOG.
I AM CARNAGE. KILLING SOMEONE I LOVE WILL MAKE ME HAPPY.
NO!
NO!
NO!
MY NAME IS TANIS NIEVES. THERE IS SOMETHING IN MY BRAIN...
IT WANTS TO DROWN ME IN ALIEN MEMORIES AND LOSE ME IN AN OCEAN OF THOUGHT.
I-I CAN'T GIVE UP MY MIND.
BECAUSE I CAN FEEL IT. I KNOW IT.
SO HAPPY.
MY BODY...

IT'S ALREADY TAKEN MY BODY.
THE BIOMASS HAS BROKEN CONTAINMENT! REPEAT: EVACUATE THE FACILITY. NOW!
Hall Industries
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB

Elsewhere...
THIS IS THE THING THAT ATTACKED OUR TRANSPORT TRUCK? SPIDER-MAN'S DOPPELGANGER?
HOW THE HELL DID WE END UP WITH THE BODY?
WE WORK FOR MICHAEL HALL. HE PULLED A SERIAL KILLER OUT OF SPACE BECAUSE HE LIKED HIS CLOTHES...
YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO LET AN UNDISCOVERED FORM OF LIFE ROT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD?
OF COURSE, THE FACT THAT IT'S INORGANIC AND MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN LEGALLY "ALIVE" IN THE FIRST PLACE DOESN'T HURT.
LET'S HOPE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING WE CAN PATENT BEFORE THE LAWS CATCH UP WITH US...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
UGH. PROBABLY ANOTHER DRILL. HELP ME GET THIS THING BACK IN THE FREEZER.
NO TIME! THAT'S THE BIO-OUTBREAK ALARM!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Hall Industries
OUTER PERIMETER
HALL'S IRON GOONS TOOK OFF FOR A REASON...
I'VE GOT A TRACE ON THEM. THEY'RE IN THE BUILDING...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WAIT. MY SPIDER-SENSE... SOMETHING'S WRONG.
YOU STILL NEED THE SPIDER-SENSE WITH THE ALARM AND THE SCREAMING?
NO, IT'S NOT BEING TRIGGERED AT ALL, WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN--
BOOM
--A SYMBIOTE'S BLOCKING IT.
THAT STUFF IN YOUR LAB? IT'S BEEN INSIDE MY BRAIN...IT KNOWS ITS WAY AROUND.
M-MAYBE YOU COULD TALK TO IT, THEN?

GRRRRRRRRRRRR!

YOU IDIOTS...

THAT'S CARNAGE!

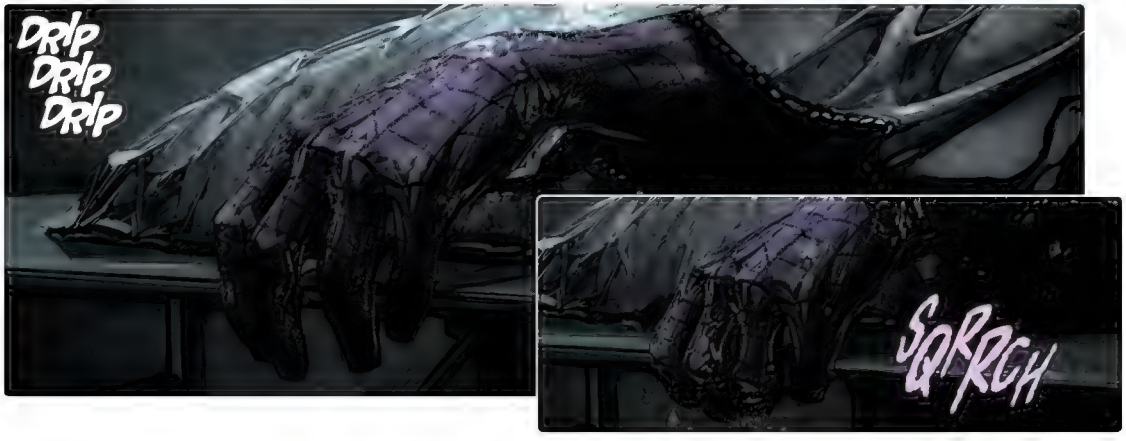
YOU BROUGHT CLETUS KASADY BACK TO EARTH?!

C-CLETUS IS DEAD...THEY JUST WANTED THE SUIT...

THAT'S SHRIEK'S PSYCHIATRIST... DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES.

OH, NO...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
BACK IN THE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB.
DOCTOR T-TANIS...MY DOCTOR...
YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR QUARTERS! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
B-BUT MY DOCTOR...WHERE IS SHE?!
YOUR DOCTOR'S TURNED INTO A MONSTER, SHRIEK.
DON'T WORRY, DARLING. WE WON'T LET HER HURT YOU.
NO! I NEED MY DOCTOR!
HEY! STOP IT!
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I GET WITHOUT HER!
DAMMIT--
SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND GET MOVING!
RELAX, CLYDE.
-AAK!


DRIP DRIP DRIP
SQRRGH

Outside.
SCRRRRAAWWWWRRRR!
THE SYMBIOTE ISN'T VERBALIZING. IT ISN'T SHOWING HUMAN COGITATION, JUST BRUTE INSTINCT...
...IT HASN'T BONDED WITH THE DOCTOR YET.
THEN WE CAN'T WASTE TIME.
WAIT, TONY. I KNOW THIS THING. I'LL GO FIRST.
WOW. BADASS...
SCRAWWWRR!
ON THE OTHER HAND... I'M BASICALLY IN MY UNDERWEAR AND YOU'RE WEARING A TANK...
SAY NO MORE.
AVENGERS (WEARING ARMOR) ASSEMBLE!

FAVOR POWER RATIO TO PULSE JETS 60/40.
YES, SIR.
BRACE UPPER QUADRANT FOR IMPACT.
YES, SIR.
SMASH
SCRAWWRR!
HSSSSSSSS...
DOCTOR--TANIS!--CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

SCRAWWRR!
SCREERCHHH
I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING...
LITTLE OF BOTH.
THE FACT THAT IT JUST SPROUTED WINGS OR THE FACT THAT IT DIDN'T TRY TO KILL YOU?

O-OW!
STOP IT!
STOP HURTING ME OR I'LL SCREAM!
EVERYONE'S GONE, BABY. THERE'S NO ONE TO HEAR YOU...
CLYDE, TAKE IT EASY--
WHAT THE...
MORTHR?
@%#$! $##%!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT, MAN?!
NO!
BLAM
BLAM

OH MY GOD! GET THIS THING OFF OF ME!
SONUVA!
UUUGH!
AAAAAAAHH!
KILL IT!
KILL IT!
LEAVE HIM ALONE!
I SAID, LEAVE HIM--

SHRIEEEEEEEEEEK
--ALONE!!
OH...OH, GOD...
MORTHER?
I FORGOT HOW MUCH *FUN* THAT WAS...

M-MY N-NAME IS D-DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES. A-AND MY ANSWER IS STILL NO...
YES
ITS VOICE IS A HATEFUL GROWL, THE SOUND OF A SPOILED CHILD... PLEADING FOR ME TO JOIN IT IN REVENGE...
TO BECOME ONE WITH ITS THOUGHTS. TO LET IT MURDER.
MY NAME IS TANIS...AND MY ANSWER IS NO.
IT SECRETES JEALOUSY INTO MY BRAIN AND IT TELLS ME I'M NOT SPECIAL.
IT DOESN'T NEED ME.

I WON'T STOP IT FROM HAVING ITS REVENGE.
THING'S QUICK. WE'VE GOT TO GET AHEAD OF IT.
CAN YOU TRACK IT WITH THAT OVER-COMPENSATION SUIT OF YOURS?
AFFIRMATIVE. IT'S HEADING UPTOWN, TOWARDS TIMES SQUARE.
WAIT...
THIS IS ROYAL BLUE TO SECURITY HUB GAMMA, WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THE BIOMASS IS COMING FOR THE CHIEF!
OH, MAN. IT'S HEADING FOR CORPORATE...
WAIT, HOW DO YOU KNOW?
BECAUSE THE MAN WHO PULLED IT OUT OF SPACE AND MILKED IT LIKE A COW FOR SIX MONTHS HAS AN OFFICE THERE...

HALL, MICHAEL.
WELCOME. MISTER. HALL. VOICE. AND. THUMB. PRINT. VERIFIED.
SECURING. SAFE. ROOM.
I'M IN.
HANG TIGHT, SIR. HOPEFULLY THIS IS A FALSE ALARM.
DON'T BE DENSE.
"WE BOTH KNOW WHAT I DID TO IT...
S-STOP RIGHT THERE!
"WE BOTH KNOW WHO IT WANTS...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT'S OUTSIDE, I CAN HEAR--"

SPIDER-MAN! I'VE GOT HALL.
SMASH
AAAHHH!

WHA... WHAT?!
THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS AFTER YOU. WE'VE GOT TO MOVE.
GOOD CALL, BY THE WAY, PULLING MY SCARIEST BAD GUY OUT OF SPACE AND LOCKING IT IN A SWEATSHOP. IT'S ON ITS WAY TO SAY THANKS.
H-HE'S NOT COMING FOR ME...THAT IS...
I'M NOT THE ONE HE WANTS.
COME AGAIN?
W-WE COULDN'T JUST LET HIM D-DIE--
I'M NOT AN ANIMAL.
OH GOD, HALL...WHAT DID YOU DO?

Hall Industries
PRIVATE SECURITY CELL
THE CREATURE SHOWS ME HOW IT PUNISHES THOSE WHO DENY ITS HUNGER.
"YOU'LL BE NEXT," IT SAYS.
IT WILL SHOW ME WHAT IT CAN DO WITHOUT ME.
H-HE SHOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED... LOW EARTH ORBIT FOR OVER A YEAR. THE CREATURE ALMOST STARVED TO DEATH KEEPING HIM ALIVE...
SCRAWWRR!

UNH!
HEH HEH. YOU CHEATIN' ON ME OR SOMETHIN'?
NO BIG DEAL NOTHIN' WRONG WITH IT
GET IN WHERE YA FIT IN, YEAH?
LOOKS LIKE THEY BEEN FEEDIN' YOU
AREN'T YOU GONNA SAY ANYTHING TO YOUR OL' FRIEND?
RRRAAWWWRRRRK!

ME TOO BABY
ME TOO
Cletus Kasady.
PRISONER. PATIENT. PRESUMED DEAD.

four

Whatever Happened to Carnage?
(HOW CLETUS REMEMBERS IT):
NOW JUS' WHO THE HELL IS THIS SENTRY BUCK? HE'S A STRONG ONE
YEEEEEE HAW!!!
FAST TOO
WAIT ARE THOSE MY--
HEH HEH THAT SHOULDN'T BE FUNNY SHOULD IT
AW WHERE YOU GOIN'? DON'T LEAVE ME UP HERE IT WAS JUST GETTIN' GOOD
GUESS I'M DYIN'
HOPE IT'S AS FUN AS IT LOOKS
WASSAT? WE'RE GOIN' TO SLEEP? AH ALL RIGHT YOU DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO BUDDY
YOU DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO..

...THESE SACS CONVERT CARBON DIOXIDE INTO OXYGEN. THEY FED HIS LUNGS, HIS LUNGS FED THEM. PERFECT SYMBIOSIS.
@#$& HOW LONG YOU PUT ME DOWN FOR?
...ALMOST KILLED ITSELF DOING IT, BUT THE XENOMORPH KEPT CLETUS KASADY ALIVE.
IT KEPT ITS OWNER ALIVE. THE ORGANISM'S SALVAGE STATUS IS NOW IN QUESTION.
STUPID COLLEGE BOY VOICES CUT THEIR LIPS OFF
HARVEST THE SYMBIOTE. IF THE OWNER SURVIVES, ADMIT HIM TO THE TRIAL HOSPITAL AS "JOHN DOE." NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT IT BUT US.
I SAID CUT THEIR LIPS OFF!
WHOA, WAIT DON'T LET 'EM TAKE YOU, GIRL!
HE'S AGITATED. PUT HIM UNDER.
NO! IT'S MINE! MINE FOR KILLING YOU!
YOU CARNAGE SHOULD CARE

Hall Industries
CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU KEPT CLETUS KASADY PRISONER IN YOUR BASEMENT?!
WE KNOW HIM AS JOHN DOE, SPIDER-MAN, AND FOR LEGAL REASONS YOU NEED TO REFER TO HIM AS A "PATIENT."
MR. HALL, FRONT DESK SECURITY IS SENDING OUT A DISTRESS CALL...
WELL? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
THEY'RE NOT "SAYING" ANYTHING. ALL I HEAR IS SOBBING...AND SOME SORT OF GURGLING SOUND.
GOOD GOD. WE'RE TOO LATE.

HA HA HA HA HA!
WHERE'S MIKEY HALL AT? I GOT SOME WORDS I WANNA STAB IN HIS EARS

YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE EVERYTHING OVER THIS, HALL. I'LL SEE TO IT.
IRON MAN, P-PLEASE, WE HAVE PROTOCOLS... FAILSAFES...I ASSURE YOU, MY MEN CAN HANDLE IT.
GET OUT OF THE WAY.
THEIR SUITS ARE MADE FROM A TITANIUM-AUGMENTED SYMBIOTIC ALLOY...
THEY'RE STRONGER THAN HE IS!
HALL HAS AUTHORIZED THE KILL SHOT, ROYAL BLUE.
ARGHHH!
FIRE WHEN READY.
WAIT, YOU ACTUALLY PUT THE SYMBIOTE INSIDE THEIR ARMOR?
HEH HEH YOU WERE RIGHT AN' I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU
DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE DUMB ENOUGH TO PUT US IN THEIR DAMN CLOTHES
A-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ROYAL BLUE?
TAKE THE SHOT!
HNNN... I-I CAN'T...
OH, GOD...
HALL! GET YOUR MEN OUT OF THERE!
TOO LATE.

CRACK
AIIEEEEEEE!
ACK--!
SMACK
OH, GOD, TONY... HE'S--
I KNOW. I'M TAKING HIM OUT.
SHAZZAAAK
SORRY PAL GOTTA TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM
GYARRRGH!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU STEAL FROM ME HEH HEH
CAAHK-- H-HELP...
YOU'RE DOGS NOW! MY DOGS!
KRRRK--
SQURRRRRRCH
AIIEEEEEE!
HORRGGHHH!
GOD, N--URK!
THWIP
YOU TOO BLUE. COME ON TO POPPA
H-HELP... SPIDER-MAN...
SNAP
OH, NO!
PLEASE!

NO...

NOOOOOOO!

MOMMY...

M-MMPH--

K-K-K-K...

AAAAAAAGHHHH!

HEH HEH DID IT JUST GET BADASS IN HERE?!

SQUISH SQUISH

Hall Industries
SECURE HOLDING CELL OF PATIENT: "JOHN DOE" A.K.A. CLETUS KASADY
CAN YOU HEAR ME, DOCTOR?
HNNNNN....
DARKCARE
AAAAAAHHH!
F-FRANCES? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
I WANTED TO LOOK GOOD FOR MY BOYFRIEND.
HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
C-CLETUS? NO, I--
LIAR!
UNGH!
I'VE HEARD YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING AROUND IN HIS CLOTHES! ARE YOU TRYING TO STEAL HIM, "DOCTOR"?
IS THAT WHY YOU SAID HE WAS BAD FOR ME?! THAT I DIDN'T NEED HIM?! THAT--
OH...OH, I SEE.

THIS DOESN'T MAKE YOU SPECIAL, YOU KNOW?
IT DOESN'T MEAN HE LOVES YOU MORE THAN ME...
WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DON'T ACT STUPID.
YOU'RE CARRYING HIS BABY.
OH, GOD. NO...

METAL FEELS FUNNY NEXT TO THEIR BODIES HEH HEH

THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE WORN DEAD BODIES AS CLOTHES..

MIGHT BE THE MOST FUN I'VE HAD THOUGH

MAKES THE TOP THREE AT LEAST

HRRMMPH!

COLLISION COMPENSATION SUCCESSFUL. SERVOS ADJUSTING.
THAT ARMOR IS TEN GENERATIONS BEHIND MINE, KASADY. THIS ENDS WITH YOU DEAD OR IN JAIL--
HEH HEH. YOU LOOK LIKE A @#!!%& BALLERINA WHEN YOU DO THAT
THWAP
SMASH

G-GET IT OFF ME...
NO...
F-FRANCES, PLEASE...HELP ME...!
IT'S ASKING...IT WANTS TO TAKE MY MIND...!
IT DOESN'T FEEL GOOD, DOES IT?! SOMEONE GETTING INTO YOUR HEAD?
TRYING TO CHANGE WHAT YOU ARE?
HNNNNNGH...
BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO WITH ME, ISN'T IT?

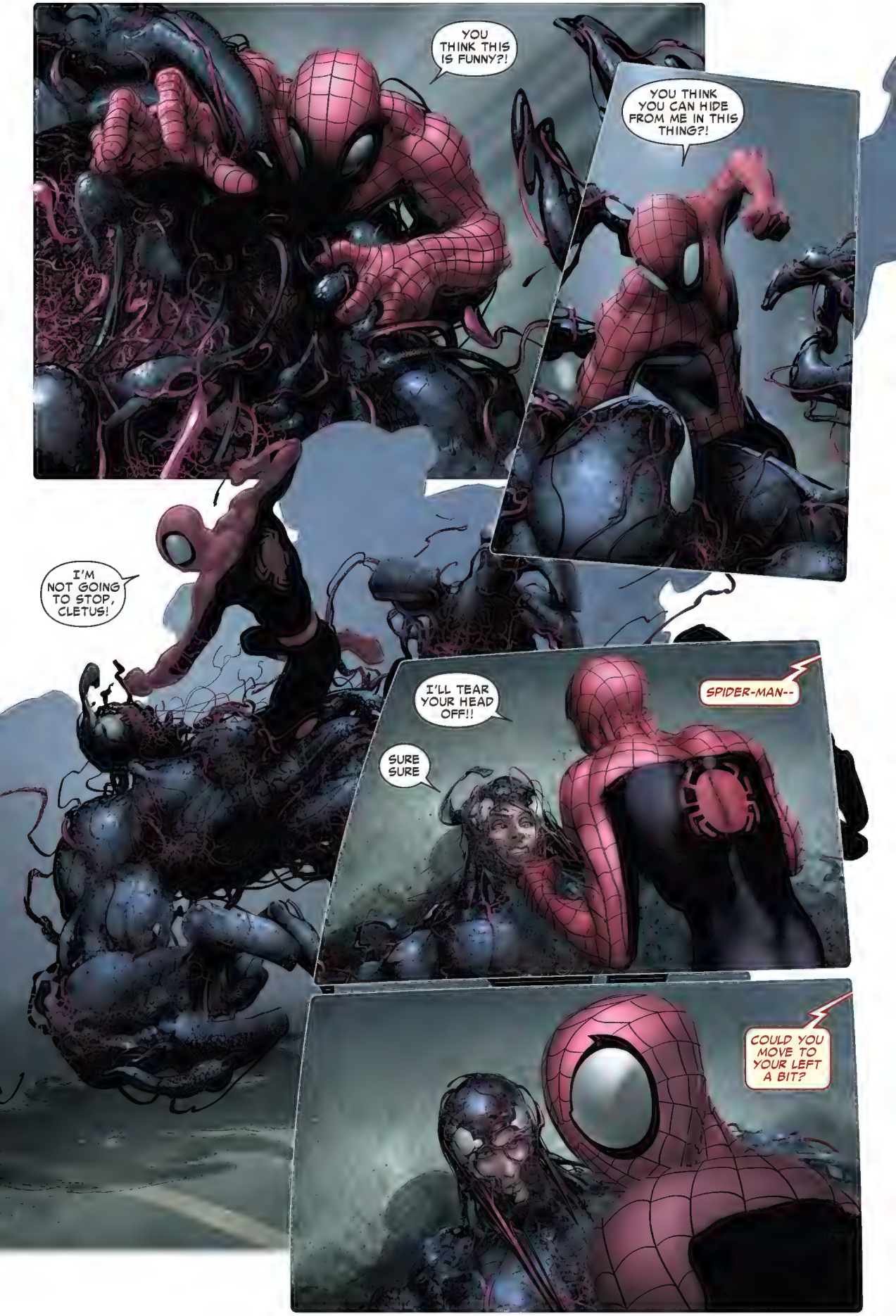
IMMA OCEAN OF HATE BREAKIN' OVER YOUR CITY MAN
ONLY WAY YOU'RE GONNA STOP ME IS BY LETTIN' ME AT MICHAEL HALL
HALL'S LONG GONE BY NOW, KASADY.
AND YOU'VE TRIED TO TAKE MY CITY BEFORE, REMEMBER?
YOU DIDN'T STOP ME
THE TIDE JUST WENT OUT
BUT THE MOON'S FULL... ISN'T IT
TIDE'S COMIN' BACK IN
GRRRR
ARE YOU REHEARSING FOR A POETRY SLAM?
SHANK
WHOA--!

HRK--!
HEH HEH. YOU LIKE JOKES YEAH?
I'LL DO A BIT FOR YOU.
SMASH
NGH!
"A SPIDER-MAN LOOK AT ME I'M DEAD"
NNN... NNN...
HEH HEH COMEDY
NO!
YOU SICK HILLBILLY!

NO. NO! NO!!!
IT WON'T STOP ASKING! IT'S CRYING FOR ME TO FEED IT!
YOU'RE ITS MOMMY. SHOULDN'T YOU TAKE CARE OF IT?
WEREN'T YOU ALWAYS ASKING ME TO INDULGE MY NURTURING SIDE... THE SIDE I HATE?
NOW YOU'LL INDULGE THE DARKNESS INSIDE YOU.
NOW YOU'LL SEE WHY I SHRIEK.
HNNNNGH!
I...I FEEL ITS HUNGER... IT'S MY HUNGER...
I NEED IT TOO--
NO! I--
I-IT LOVES ME...
"ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY," RIGHT, TANIS?!
"ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!"
THAT'S RIGHT...

NYUUUNNNNGH!!
MARTHA?
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING...
GARGHHHH!
SLRCH SLRCH SLRCH
HAHAHA!! GO! GO! GO!
THUD
LOOK AT YOU...

LOOKY, LOOKY...
LOOK AT YOU.


YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?!
YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE FROM ME IN THIS THING?!
I'M NOT GOING TO STOP, CLETUS!
I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF!!
SURE SURE
SPIDER-MAN--
COULD YOU MOVE TO YOUR LEFT A BIT?

THANKS.
THOOM
FELT THAT ONE
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, YOU--
SKRRRMEEEEKKKKK!

HI, HONEY.
DID YOU MISS ME?

five

New York City.
I-I'M SURE THIS ISN'T NECESSARY...
CLETUS KASADY HAS BROKEN CONTAINMENT AND REJOINED THE CARNAGE BIOMASS, MR. HALL. WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
SURELY MY MEN CAN HANDLE IT...THE SUITS ARE STRONG PRODUCTS...VERY COMPETITIVE.
KASADY TOOK CONTROL OF THE B10-CIRCUITRY WE HARVESTED FROM HIS SYMBIOTE WHEN WE MADE THEIR SUITS. HE'S *WEARING* THEIR REMAINS.
IT'S A *GONG SHOW* DOWN THERE, SIR. THERE'S GOING TO BE *LEGAL* TROUBLE.
I'LL NEED TO MAKE A STATEMENT, THEN...
YOUR COUNSEL ISN'T GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN UNLESS YOU'RE SUBPOENAED. WE NEED TO GET YOU FAR AWAY FROM HERE...GIVE YOU SOME SEMBLANCE OF *PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY.*
IT'S THAT BAD?
OH...OH, I SEE.
IT'S BEST NOT TO LOOK, SIR...

"...YOU'LL HAVE TO PRETEND YOU WERE NEVER HERE, ANYWAY."
YOU LOOK GOOD, CLETUS. DID YOU MISS ME?
'S NOT THE TIME SHRIEK
GONNA SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU STEAL FROM CARNAGE
MY SONIC SCREAM DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID IT? I GET ANGRY WHEN SOMEONE'S HURTING MY MAN...

SHRIEK'S SONIC BLAST OVERLOADED A FEW SENSORS, BUT NOTHING ESSENTIAL. YOU OKAY, SPIDER-MAN?
MY EARS ARE RINGING, BUT IF LONG-TERM HEARING ISN'T "ESSENTIAL," IRON MAN, I GUESS I'M OKAY.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MY NEW FACE...
I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP...
CAN I HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO KILL SOME DUDES BEFORE YOU TALK MY EAR OFF?!
I CAN'T HAVE YOU SCREAMING AROUND ME WITH THAT VOICE
HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE?!
HIA
SIU
NOT LONG
IF YOU GET BORED DO THAT THING WHERE YOU MAKE ALL THE CIVVIES KILL EACH OTHER

SORRY GUYS
THWIP
GOTTA MAKE THIS QUICK
SMASH
CAR!
SNAP
TSSHK
UNGGH!
YOU CAN HELP BY TELLIN' ME WHERE MIKEY HALL IS
OR I CAN USE THIS HAND TO HE MADE TO PARTS THIS CITY TO THE GROUND
HIS TECH ISN'T THAT FANCY, KASADY.

YOU'RE WEARING CHEAP KNOCKOFFS OF ME.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY WEAPONS I HAVE.
WHICH ONE IS THIS?
ALL OF THEM.
KA-THOOOM

MY NAME IS DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES, AND MY MIND IS SILENT.
I'M ECSTATIC. BETTER SILENCE THAN THE MEWING *THING* HE LEFT IN MY ARM.
I *SMELL* THE RIOT BEFORE I HEAR IT. *CHEERING... DRUMS,* MAYBE...
NO...NOT DRUMS...A FAT MAN'S HEAD BASHED AGAINST GLASS. A BACKBEAT FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER TEACHING HER SON TO STRANGLE HIS NEW PUPPY...
I HAD TO CUT IT OFF TO BUY THIS PEACE.
IT DOESN'T LAST.
I THINK OF THE DOG I HAD ONCE...I WOULDN'T LET THEM PUT IT DOWN.
I AM DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES, AND I TOLD THEM ALL OF GOD'S CREATURES COULD BE SAVED.
THEN I SEE THE THING I WOULDN'T LET THEM DESTROY.
I FEEL HER VOMIT PSYCHIC BILE, SPREADING VIOLENCE LIKE A PLAGUE. SHE LAUGHS AND MAKES A FOOL OF ME.
SHE TOOK MY ARM. SHE DESERVES IT.
BURN IT DOWN! *BURN IT ALL DOWN!*
MGEARRRRWWW!
I DIDN'T LET THEM PUT HER TO SLEEP.
I AM ASHAMED.

CAN YOU HANDLE CLETUS? SHRIEK'S WHIPPING THE CIVILIANS INTO A MOB...
GO, I'LL--
SMASH
UNNGH!
YOU KNOW YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE BUG FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES AT SOME PO--
—WHAT
I DON'T BANTER.
BIOELECTRICAL PATHWAYS ACCESSED. SYMPATHETIC CODE FOUND. INITIATING MALICIOUS TAKEOVER.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MERGED WITH HALL'S TECH. I CAN'T HACK YOUR SYMBIOTE, BUT HIS CODE IS EMBARRASSINGLY SIMPLE.
COMPUTER, INJECT THE FOREIGN CODE WITH MY CONTROL CORTEX. I WANT THOSE SUITS SLAVED TO MY COMMANDS.
YES, SIR.
WARNING. BIOFEEDBACK DETECTED IN DATA STREAM.
WHAT--? COMING UPSTREAM?!
OH...OH, GOD...I CAN SEE...
KILLING FEELS WARM AND WET...
NO!! ABORT TAKEOVER! ABORT!
WARNING: AN EMERGENCY DISCONNECT WILL TEMPORARILY DISABLE FLIGHT CONTROL.
ABORT!!
C-CLETUS...HE'S IN MY ALGORITHMS... EVIL....OH, GOD I'M GOING TO--
HYRRRRUGGH!!!
POOR BOB*...
YOU WANNA SNORT MADNESS *DON'T START WITH THE HARD STUFF

LOOK AT WHAT YOUR STAR PATIENT'S DONE, DOCTOR! LOOK AT THE MADNESS I'VE SPREAD!
NO!
YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO REACH MY FULL POTENTIAL, LOOK WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF!
LOOK!
NO!
THEY'RE JUST GETTING WARMED UP...THEY HAVEN'T BOILED OVER INTO MURDERERS YET.
OPEN YOUR EYES!
NO NO NO...
IT'LL BE BEAUTIFUL WHEN IT HAPPENS, YOU CAN WATCH IT ALL. THE SPOILS OF ALL YOUR HARD WORK.
NO... NO.
STOP REJECTING ME, DOCTOR!
I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU, FRANCES. I'M NOT...THE *THING*...IT'S FOUND A WAY BACK...
NO!
YOU'RE SCARING IT, FRANCES. IT WANTS TO COME HOME TO ME... IT WANTS ME TO LET IT COME HOME...
NO!

COME ON
BREAK FOR ME
VITAL STRUCTURE INTEGRITY AT 35%. CATASTROPHIC FAILURE IMMINENT.
HNNN. JUST GET THE DAMNED CONTROLS BACK ONLINE!
SHRRRK
KSSST
STOP IT!
JUST... JUST STOP IT, OKAY?
I'M THE ONE YOU HATE, RIGHT?
DON'T BE JEALOUS
NOT LIKE ME AND THIS CLOWN ARE DATING
COME ON. KILL ME FIRST. IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.
HAHAHA ALL RIGHT
SLK

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
SCHOOL BUS
WE JUST WANT TO PLAY!
I WONDER IF THEY'LL EAT THEM. I'VE SEEN THEM DO IT, THE LAST TIME CLETUS AND I WENT CRAZY.
THEY'RE JUST ABOUT THERE...I CAN FEEL IT. THEY'LL GO INTO THAT BUS AND TEAR THOSE KIDS APART.
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS LITTLE PIGGY?
YES...
WH-WHAT?

SLORCH
--HURK!
MY THOUGHTS...IT WANTS TO COME INSIDE...
YOU CAN HAVE ME...
N-NO... IT'S MINE...
SLICK!
OH, GOD...
YES

BOND COMPLETE.
WE ARE SCORN.

MARTHAR!!
DOWN.
PUNT
AIIEE!
THOOOM
UNH!
HNNNNGH...
AIIEE AIIEE AIIEE!
AIIEEE
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU BOY?

YOU WANT TO SCREAM, YES?
YOU WANT TO SHRIEK.
ACH... NNH...
WE ARE NOT A DOCTOR ANYMORE...
DO IT, SHRIEK.
SHRIEK...
N-NO... I'LL HURT THEM...
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME...I-IT'S ME... FRANCES...
PLEASE... DOCTOR NIEVES....
SHRIEK!
AND YOU WILL.
ARRRRGHHHH...

SKRRRRRRRK!
SYSTEMS ONLINE.

RRKKKK!
ABOUT TIME.
DON'T... DON'T LET UP...
YOU HEAR THAT, CLETUS?
STAY DOWN!
GLUUURRGGGG
COMING IN.
BUM KNEES.
SHUNK

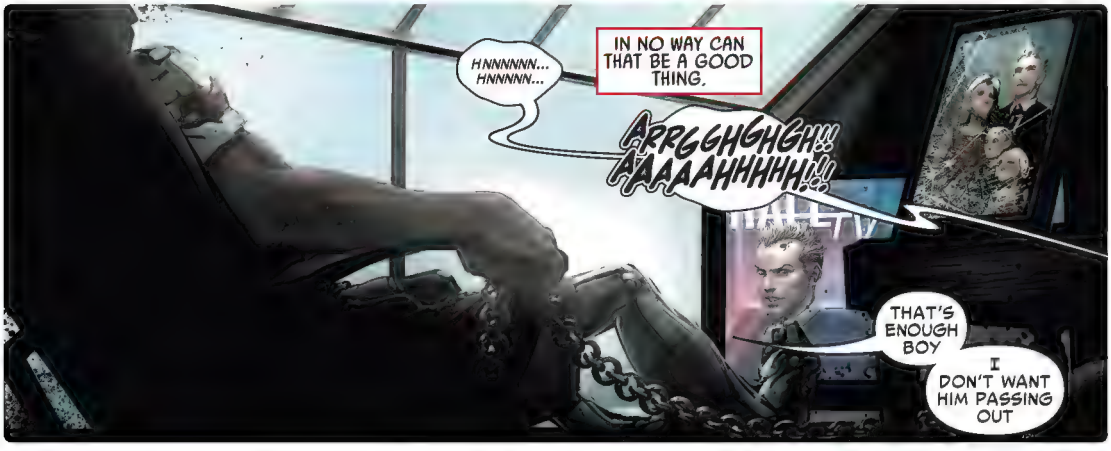
YOU'RE BREAKING IT.
WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.
SKUNK
NO MORE SUIT, KASADY! JUST YOU AND ME!
CRACK
JUSSSSS DOOOOO...
NO...NO NO NO.
HE'S GONE

...WE FEEL IT.
DR. NIEVES...
OH, NO...
WE HAD A DOG ONCE... I THINK...
OUR PARENTS WANTED TO PUT IT TO SLEEP, BUT WE DIDN'T LET THEM.
IT WAS A MEAN DOG, IT TURNED OUT. WHEN WE'D...
...WHEN I'D BRUSH IT, IT WOULD SNAP AT ME. IT BIT MY BABY BROTHER ON THE FACE...
SOME THINGS NEED TO BE PUT DOWN...

WE--I...
I PUT SHRIEK DOWN.
ARE YOU OKAY, DOCTOR?
NO. SHE'S NOT OKAY.
CARNAGE SPAWNED AGAIN.
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONE, BUT IT'S NOT GONE, IS IT?
HOW DO I MAKE IT GONE?
I'M SORRY, TANIS...
IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HER. I BACK OFF AND LET TONY ARRANGE TO TRANSPORT HER TO AVENGERS TOWER FOR OBSERVATION.

CLETUS USED A SYMBIOTIC TETHER TO CONTROL HIS SUIT WHILE HE ESCAPED. WE TRACK IT FOR TWELVE MILES BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS.
THE MANIAC STOPPED TO KILL A DOG ON HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR.
SHRIEK'S IN A COMA. NIEVES DID SOMETHING TO HER BRAIN.
SHE'LL BE CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF TWO HALLTECH EMPLOYEES... IF SHE EVER WAKES UP.
DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES IS UNDER TONY'S CARE. THERE'S HOPE HER SYMBIOTE CAN HELP US FIND CLETUS.
I TRY TO VISIT HER, BUT HER "OTHER" ISN'T MY BIGGEST FAN.
(I'M SURE THAT WON'T COME BACK TO HAUNT ME.)

TONY HELPS THE STATE DEPARTMENT BUILD A CASE AGAINST MICHAEL HALL FOR THE IMPORT AND EXPLOITATION OF A HOSTILE XENOMORPH.
HIS LAWYERS SAY HE'S IN HIDING FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION, EVEN WHILE CLAIMING THAT THE THREAT CARNAGE POSES IS MINIMAL.
I KNOW BETTER.
IN THE END, WE DIDN'T BEAT CLETUS KASADY... HE JUST HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.


HNNNNNN... HNNNNN...
IN NO WAY CAN THAT BE A GOOD THING.
ARRGGHGHGH!! AAAAHHHHH!!
THAT'S ENOUGH BOY
I DON'T WANT HIM PASSING OUT

HE MAKES FOR GOOD THINKIN' MUSIC...
AND IT'S ABOUT TIME I HAD A GOOD THINK...YOU HEAR THAT MIKEY?
HNNNN HNNNNN...

I'M PLANNIN' MY COMEBACK
End.

#1 variant by clayton crain

#1 variant by patrick zircher

#1 variant by arthur adams & laura martin

“HIDE YOUR CHILDREN. THE PSYCHOPATHIC SYMBIOTE IS BACK.”

— Jesse Schedeen, *IGN.com*

First there was Spider-Man. Then, Venom. But they broke the mold when they created Carnage.

Marvel’s fan-favorite villain is back from the dead, as industrialist Michael Hall attempts to exploit the symbiote — engineering the next generation of prosthetic limbs and outfitting his own paramilitary security force, the Iron Rangers, in suits of hybrid battle armor. But when the alien intelligence asserts control of Hall’s derivative tech, only Spider-Man and Iron Man stand in the way of an unprecedented wave of rioting and mass murder. And Carnage has brought some friends!

Collecting *Carnage #1-5*, written by **Zeb Wells** (*Amazing Spider-Man*) and illustrated by **Clayton Crain** (*X-Force*).

T+

MARVEL